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The Princess Stephanie, widow of Prince Radolph, is to contract a morganatic marriage with a Hungarian nobleman.

A little girl who is said to be more often your own cross-grained streak than your wife's cooking that spoils the dinner.

Insurance Agent—Now that you are married I suppose you will take out a policy! Young man—No, please. I can't. I don't think she's going to be dangerous.

Hi Price—Will you be mine! Miss De Fur—This is sudden—give me time. Hi Price (about minutes)—No, I cannot wait, but you can have me out-of-pocket for cash.

Jones—I hear that your cousin Emily, who is such a beautiful young girl, is engaged to be married. What a pity!—No, she is not very rich. Smith—Well, in one respect he has decided advantage over Emily. "In what respect is that?" "He has a great deal more money."

An unusually interesting marriage record.

A Hungarian resident of Bridgeport, Conn., was made happy the other night by the arrival of his bride, who was worth \$600 of his money. This may seem a strange cause for joy, but Martin Czakó was so excessively jubilant that he called in the police and the disposal of three bars of Czakó in good circumstances, and overhauled in the Fourth ward.

Slavery lies in woman's eyes,
And soon it slides into a snare;
Once she has looked, it is too late,
N' worse fate could befall you there.
Thou art sweet and fair, avoid this snare,
For thou certainly wilt ensnare;
And once you are snared, you freedom's loss
No power on earth can save you.

Far better to nights of youth's delight,
To live in love and friendship's light,
Your tyrant passion will rule the house,
A night key will bind you.

Save your money and avoid Walk
Wax Soap.

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